

SPECIAL PRICES

on many things in our store which we want to close out before taking account of stock.

25 per cent. discount on Fine Dress Patterns.

25 to 50 per cent. discount on Cloaks.

10 per cent. discount on Handkerchiefs.

10 per cent. discount on Aprons.

Many other goods come in on the cut.

This is Your Opportunity

THOMAS + SMILEY
NORWAY, MAINE.

Special LOW PRICES FOR 2 WEEKS

Carpets To Reduce Stock.

Best Extra Super, All Wool, 53c
Regular price 55c.
Good All Wool, extra super, 49c
Extra Good Moquette Rug, 3 ft. by 6 ft. 3.50

N. DAYTON
BOLSTER & CO.
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If you would have a clear, fine complexion use one of the

Complexion Bruhas
an excellent tonic for the skin, found at HALL'S DRUG STORE.

The Shaw College
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PORTLAND, ME. HANCOCK AND HOULTON, ME.

NEW LINE

OF

LADIES'

WRAPPERS.

ALSO

READY-MADE

Overskirts in

Novelties.

G. P. BEAN, Corner Church and Main Streets.

LOCAL NEWS
—The Latest, too.
Lots of it—in every issue of the News. Send a copy to your friends—3 months, 50c; 6 months, 85c; 1 year, \$1.25.

The Bethel News.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4, 1899.

Vol. IV. No. 32.

Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That Is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

Mrs. John Yates has been ill the past week.

Mrs. F. S. Chandler has returned from Norway.

Mrs. Chas. Hart is at home from Bennington, Vt.

Water pipes are telling sad stories about the weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Chapman were in Lewiston, Saturday.

Miss Ethel Stone of Portland, is visiting at C. M. Womell's.

W. J. Wheeler of South Paris, was in town last Wednesday.

Mrs. Francis Stone now occupies her house on Chapman street.

Misses Mary and Edith Douglas were in Lewiston last week.

Mrs. Elvira Jordan has returned from a prolonged visit at Waterville.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. E. Whitney, Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Emery returned from their wedding trip, last Saturday.

Dr. Henry Johnson and Mr. Ezra Cross of Berlin, N. H., were in town Saturday.

Merle Holt and Harry Hobson, who attended the Academy last year, were visitors in town last week.

Paul Ames and family of New York, have been visiting Mr. Ames' parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Ames.

George H. Swan and Nathan A. Stearns have been drawn traverse jurors for the February term of court.

Ellery Powers of Newry, and W. C. Bryant of Bethel, left for Portland, Monday, to attend the Shaw Business College.

Maj. and Mrs. B. F. Bradbury are on route from Porto Rico, and are expected to arrive in Bethel the last of this week.

Hon. Eben Kilborn, representative-elect, went to Augusta Monday to be present at the opening of the legislative session today.

M. C. Foster of Waterville, was in town last week, when many warm greetings were extended to him. Mr. Foster and son are among the first contractors and builders in the State.

Mrs. Balentine of Middle Intervale, received news of her husband's death, last Saturday, which occurred at Augusta. Mrs. Balentine went to Bingham, Monday, where the remains were interred.

On account of the prevailing epidemic, it was thought best to close school at the Academy for the present week; two of the teachers, Mrs. Hanscom and Miss Purinton are sick, while out of the seventy-five pupils enrolled, only about thirty assembled at the school building, Monday morning.

The friends of Dr. L. B. Hayden, who resided among us for a short time, the past fall, are much pained to learn of the death of Miss Helen M. Parks of Slatersville, R. I., the young lady to whom Dr. Hayden was engaged. Dr. Hayden went to Rhode Island, three weeks ago, called there by Miss Parks' illness of typhoid fever.

Those of our people who were able to attend the second of the course of lectures, given at the Congregational church last Friday evening, by Dr. Butler of Colby College, were amply repaid for venturing out on the slippery streets. Dr. Butler has won for himself an enviable reputation, and this lecture, "College Ideal and National Life," will no doubt be remembered by the students when making plans for future life, as it was instructive, helpful, and elevating. This course is a treat for Bethel's people as Maine's best speakers are brought in our midst for us to see and hear. Let it be well patronized.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammation of the mucous membrane.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sent for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Our customers are delighted with our \$1.00 fountain pen.

Have you seen the Gould's Academy souvenir stationery at the News office?

We can give a good reliable girl a situation at the News office. Fair education is required.

Harold S. Hastings, a student of the Boston University Law School, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hastings.

There were no services at the Congregational church, last Sunday, owing to the illness of the pastor, Rev. Arthur Varley.

A young son of Potter Littlehale of Magalloway, who is visiting at Isaac Coburn's, broke his hip, while sliding on Mill Hill, last week.

Mr. Archer Grover has been to Baltimore, Md., as delegate from the "Kappa Sigma Fraternity," to the national convention which met there, Dec. 29-30.

The whistle of the chair factory was a welcome sound Tuesday morning. With the new building completed, the company begins the year with favorable prospects.

Mrs. A. E. Parlin and two children of So. Framingham, Mass., have been in town the past week, visiting her father and sister. They returned home Tuesday.

The Bethel friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Chapman of Gorham, N. H., will be pained to learn of the recent death of their only child, Earle. The funeral services were held Monday at Gorham.

A. C. Farwell of York Beach, spent a few days last week, with his brother, R. E. L. Farwell. Mr. Farwell is well-known in Bethel as this is his native place. He is in the grocery business at York Beach.

Percy Bartlett concluded his services for E. C. Rowe, Dec. 31, and Geo. Blake of Oxford, takes his place. Mr. Bartlett has been with Mr. Rowe for the past three years and has proven himself a young man of sterling worth.

The annual reunion of the students of "The Shaw Business College" will take place at the college rooms in Portland, Saturday evening, January 7. All former students, and their wives or husbands, are cordially invited to be present.

The grip has a decided grip upon our citizens. We thought to give a list of those who are its victims, but such a list would include a large per cent. of our townspeople. Nearly every family is afflicted, while in many cases there are not well enough to care for the sick; for example, the Holmes family, consisting of Mrs. Holmes and eight boys were all sick at one time. Fortunately it is of a light form—we doubt if its victims will corroborate the preceding statement—and perhaps a better one would be, no cases have proved fatal.

Edward King has got out an investment book which is having a ready sale among our people. The plan is as follows: He sells the book which contains 5 tickets for 75 cents, and the purchaser sells the five tickets, thus getting his 75 cents back. Each person buying a ticket takes it to King's store and by paying 75 cents gets an investment book and when the five tickets are presented at his store, the party who sold the tickets gets silverware or any other goods kept by King, to the value of \$3.50. The scheme is this, by paying a book for 75 cents and selling the tickets to parties who will go and do likewise, you get \$3.50 worth of goods absolutely free. These books have been having a good run all over New England the past fall and winter, and will doubtless have a good run here.

School Entertainment.

The scholars of the Flat school under the instruction of Miss Ellen Douglas, carried out a most entertaining programme, Friday of last week, which was as follows:

Christmas Quotations. School Song, "Snow Flakes," Grace Kendall and Alice Mills.

A Christmas Carol. Alton Carver.

The Rain Drop's Ride. Lewis McAllister.

Santa Claus and the Mouse. Alice Mills.

Gifts for the Pets. Emma Carver, Ivan McAllister and Mabel Walker.

Two Little Stockings. Grace Kendall.

Golden Keys. John Rowe.

A Letter to Santa Claus. Mina Tyler.

A Little Boy's Opinion. Ivan McAllister.

A Little School Ma'am. Gladys Morrill.

Christmas in the Air. Clyde Walker.

Emma's Dolls. Emma Carver.

A Leak in the Dyke. Clarence Tyler.

Santa Claus on the Train. Elva Kendall.

Song, "Welcome Santa Claus." Alice Mills, Mina Tyler, Elva and Grace Kendall.

While the last song was being sung, Santa Claus (Ivan McAllister) entered and distributed many presents for teacher and pupils.

The programme ended by the wishing of Merry Christmas to all.

At Christmas Time.

BY ADDIE KENDALL MASON.

When the Christmas days are waning, In a land beyond the seas; When the twelfth night candles glisten, Then they burn the Christmas trees.

And the children gather round them, By the fireplace, huge and deep; Listening to the Yule-tide stories, As the shadows dance and leap.

While above them gleams the holly Bound with wreaths of mistletoe; Hung for happy lads and lassies, In the Christmas fire's glow.

'Tis a custom long remembered, And observed each Christmas time, Thus to burn the withered branches, At the twelfth night's peaceful chime.

And so far, no one has ever Tried to stop this happy play Of the children and the old folks, In that land so far away.

Now, I hope that people never— In their quest of gain and gold, Will forget this pretty pastime, Fought down from days of old.

And here in our own New England, Full of "clubs" and old "blue laws," Make the children "men" and "women" But do leave us Santa Claus.

West Bethel, Dec. 30, 1898.

THE SABBATH BREAKER.

BY ALFRED G. COLE.

John Pembroke was something of a character in Winsted. He was a sturdy, prosperous farmer of good intelligence and strict integrity, and his farm was one of the finest in town. Not only was the soil fertile, but it was always well cultivated, and neatness and convenience characterized his buildings. He had a noble wife and two children, and his home had more than the ordinary sunshine of life.

But with all John's favorable qualities, he had gained the unsavory reputation of being a Sabbath-breaker, which effectively barred him from the highest social circles of church-going Winsted, and made him a marked man in the community, where his shortcomings were often the subject of gossip.

The elders gravely shook their heads over it, and the boys and girls prattled about it; and every neighbor heard all about John Pembroke's ways as soon as any of the neighborhood affairs were canvassed.

A kinder husband and father could nowhere be found. He never placed any restrictions on the religious freedom of his family. His wife and children were constant attendants at church and Sabbath-school, but John studiously avoided all religious societies and church-going, and spent his Sabbaths at home.

"It is passing strange," remarked Deacon Pidgeon, "that old Deacon Pembroke's only son, who had such strict religious training, should take to such ungodly ways."

True it was that John was the son of a deacon who had been revered as a church pillar of rigidity. The apostle Paul was not trained, when a youth, in a straighter religious sect than was the youth of John in the most rigid code of Orthodoxy. And herein lay the secret of his infidelity to his paternal teachings. When he was a child, he always felt as if he were in a straight-jacket, against which the freedom of his soul rebelled. His path was marked out for him with rigid exactness, and the Sabbath was a day to be dreaded. As a boy he could not laugh, sing or exhibit any lightheartedness without an admonition of their sinfulness, and for the warm, genial sunshine of humanity, that his naturally buoyant nature craved, he was given a stone of coldness. He could not understand why the birds should sing for gladness, the flowers should unfold their bright colors, and all the world seem full of cheer, and mankind alone should suppress the joyousness of nature, even though it might be church-day.

And so, as he grew older, he came to almost hate the Sabbath and its sacred associations so overcast with gloom. When he attained his majority, he also mentally declared his religious emancipation and went to the other extreme, scepticism, and so he gradually grew into the way of making the Sabbath a sort of clearance day, spending it in doing odd jobs about the farm and buildings. If the carriages were to be put away for the winter or put together in the spring; if there were a mow of hay to be moved from one part of the barn to another, the work was always done on Sunday. He would stroll out over his farm, and whatever he saw that needed to be done about the fences or elsewhere, he was sure to attend to it; and he became so habituated to these practices that, while his Sundays were less wearisome than week days, his time was nearly all occupied in a general way.

Naturally, all this caused his

good wife unhappiness, for she was a woman who enjoyed the social relations of the church, and she often felt humiliated and sorrowful for the example of the father before her children. She had reasoned with John once or twice, but while hearing her respectfully and kindly, he informed her that she and the children were at liberty to patronize the church as much as they pleased, but he had had enough of it in his youthful days to last a lifetime, and so the matter was dropped.

Thus John became notorious throughout the community as a "Sabbath-breaker." His case was seriously considered by the church brethren and reasoned upon by the constituted legal authorities. At length matters came to an unexpected crisis. Little Charlie came home from school one day, full of anger and crying bitterly. He and his playmates had had differences, and Johnny Elwell had twitted him of being the son of a Sabbath-breaker.

This touched John to the quick, and his indignation was fully roused. His darling son should not be disgraced by a son of Joe Elwell, who in his younger days had dived in counterfeit money. He immediately sought Elwell, and finally told him he must teach his children better manners.

Elwell better replied that his boy had only told the truth, and no one but himself was to blame for it.

John's conscience told him that this was only too true, but he was too angry to heed the inward monitor.

"I never teach my boy," said he, "to twit other boys of their fathers' sins; if I did, what might he not say to your boy of you, though now you are a pillar of the church?"

This quarrel spread over the neighborhood like wild-fire; and it resulted in the arrest of John on complaint of Mr. Elwell for Sabbath-breaking; and all the people said amen; for if reason would not stop John from disgracing the Sabbath, it was high time the law was enforced.

John went properly to court, but the trial never took place. Some of the cooler heads counseled Elwell to withdraw his complaint, as John's wife would be made to suffer, and it would be a wiser plan to severely admonish him. This was accordingly done, and John went home with a heart full of bitterness.

For several weeks after this affair little else was talked about in Winsted. All agreed that something must be done to wean John from his evil ways. He must be labored with; but few cared for the mission; for John was no easy man to combat in argument. Finally it was decided that Parson Day should visit John and see what influence could be brought to bear upon him.

A week later the pastor sought John in his field. John readily divined the object of his coming. He greeted him cordially and listened respectfully to his long lecture on his besetting sin of disgracing the Sabbath.

"You remember," the parson said, "it is a direct command of God to keep the day holy, and they who disobey his commandments will be utterly cut off."

"I should not want to make the fear of punishment or the hope of reward an incentive to reform," John replied; "for that would indicate an insincerity of motive."

"Mr. Pembroke," continued the parson, "I am told that your father was a godly man; why do you depart from the narrow way in which he directed your youthful feet?"

"I do not wish," replied John, "to be irreverent to that which is good, whether within church or without; neither to the memory of my father; but, Parson Day, I tell you frankly that rather than have my children walk in the desert ways of my youth, I would see them spend their Sundays hunting and fishing, for I believe it would be better for them in after years."

"This is blasphemy!" exclaimed the parson. "Your sins be upon your own head," and strode abruptly away and reported to his waiting friends that John was too hardened for repentance.

Six months after the above interview, John had filled his barn with a bountiful harvest, and the long evenings of early winter were made cheerful about his hearth-stones.

One evening, as he laid down his newspaper, his wife said, "John, did you know they had settled a new minister in place of Mr. Day?"

"No. Who is it? Another of the same stamp I suppose?"

"I don't know about that, John. His name is Morton. He has been here two weeks, and comes highly recommended."

"I presume I shall hear from him," mused John, as he recalled the many admonitory visits he had received. "Of course the new man had been told all about him; but let him come, the sooner the better."

As if in response to his mental challenge, there was a knock at the door, and the new minister was ushered in. He was a man of middle age, of pleasing manners, with an air of frankness about him, that favorably impressed both John and his wife, and the trio soon drifted into a pleasant and animated conversation with the ease of old acquaintances.

"As I have come to dwell here awhile," the visitor said, "I want to know all the people here. I met Mrs. Pembroke at church, and having a little spare time this evening, I thought I would run over and make your acquaintance, Mr. Pembroke."

There was no lull in the conversation, and before John was aware of it an hour had passed, and the visitor departed, promising to call again soon, and cordially inviting John and his wife to be neighbors at the parsonage.

After the minister had gone, John resumed his paper, but instead of reading he fell to thinking.

A pleasant-mannered man he thought, and so different from the minister who had preceded him. He had made no allusion to his not attending church, said nothing about his soul, nor asked to pray for him, as had been the custom of others, and he had taken pains to come to make his acquaintance, while others had passed him coldly by and looked at him askance.

All this passed through John's mind as he sat thinking. But he was not quite ready to give unlimited credit to the disinterestedness in the motives of the minister. Perhaps he was paving the way for a vigorous attack; and these thoughts roused John's deep-rooted prejudices. One morning he met him as he was passing the parsonage. The minister invited him in to see his library.

"They tell me," he said, "that you are quite a reader. Perhaps I may have something to interest you."

John could frame no excuse for not accepting the invitation, and followed the minister into his study, where he found a library that in extent and variety, exceeded anything he had ever seen.

"Your books are not all on theology," remarked John.

"Oh, no; the world has many channels of good, through which humanity runs, no one of them would delineate the whole."

Somewhat the two drifted toward religious matters, but the minister's discussions were of a general nature. John was beginning to feel uncomfortable because no personal allusions were made to himself. He had always been the object of attack, and it was a new sensation to converse with a minister who did not apply his clerical rod. He would open the subject himself.

"Mr. Morton, I suppose you have heard all about me and my Sabbath-breaking?"

"I have heard it mentioned," the minister mildly replied, "but I don't always follow up what I hear. Are you a Sabbath-breaker?"

The suddenness of the question almost unbalanced John, but, recovering himself, he replied:

"Yes, Mr. Morton, I suppose I am. But where is your authority for the Sabbath of the church being the right day?"

"I have no authority, and claim none; for me it matters not, so long as we all unite in keeping one day in seven, and whichever day that may be, it must become hallowed with pleasant and sacred associations. Aside from the divine command to do all our work in six days and rest upon the seventh, human experience has, in all ages of the world, proved the custom to be an excellent one, essential alike to our bodily and mental health, and communities that most respectfully observe it, are the most attractive places of residence. As this custom has for ages proved so good, and is accepted by the Christian world of to-day, why should any person object to it? If bad influences grew out of this observance, then there would be some reason in change."

"Perhaps you are right," John replied, "but to me the popular associations of the Sabbath have always been gloomy."

"They should not be. The day should be one of rest and peace, not of sobriety and depression, but a day of cheer and of turning our thoughts to sacred subjects, and above and beyond the ways of earthly gain—a day of friendly greeting and hand-shaking—a day on which should be proclaimed

A RAILWAY CONFERENCE.

Western Officials Give an Unqualified Denial to the Report That They Had Charged the Grand Trunk with Disloyalty to Them.

An important conference of railway officials took place at the Windsor hotel yesterday, when a number of railway men from the United States, met the officials of the C. P. R. and Grand Trunk, for the purpose of adjusting a number of matters, some action in reference to which was necessitated by the recent re-arrangement regarding traffic by the G. T. R. and C. P. R. upon the termination of the rate troubles between these two lines. All the details dealt with were of a technical character and having been satisfactorily arranged most to the visiting railway men left for different points in the United States, last night.

Several of the Western officials gave an unqualified denial to the report that their lines had charged the Grand Trunk with disloyalty in connection with the recent resumption of traffic relations with the C. P. R. A Star reporter in the course of an interview with three of the leading Western officials, Messrs. P. S. Eustis, general passenger agent of the Burlington system; A. F. Merrill, assistant general ticket agent of the Milwaukee system; and J. W. Lee, representing Mr. (aldwell, the chairman of the Western Passenger Association, was informed that the recent newspaper reports that the Western lines were charging the Grand Trunk system with disloyalty, were entirely unfounded, that there was not now nor had been at any time, any lack of confidence in the pleasant relations heretofore existing between the Grand Trunk and the Western lines, and the amiable settlement of grievances between the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific had their full approbation.

The reports arose out of the fact that by the new arrangement with the C. P. R., considerable western traffic originating on the G. T. R. is now handed over to the C. P. R. at North Bay, instead of being handed over to the Western roads at Chicago.

The gentlemen present at yesterday's conference were: Messrs. P. S. Eustis, G. P. A., Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway; A. F. Merrill, A. G. T. A., Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; T. W. Lee, statistical bureau, Western Passenger Association, Chicago; L. W. Nutting, general eastern passenger agent, Southern Pacific Railway, New York; D. McNeill, P. T. M., Canadian Pacific Railway; C. E. E. Usher, G. P. A., Canadian Pacific; W. E. Davis, G. P. A., Grand Trunk—Montreal Daily Star, Dec. 14, 1898.

Certain morning papers have been trying to make it appear that the Grand Trunk has gone back on its western connections in the agreement it has reached with the American roads. By their misrepresentations of the actual facts, they have done the Grand Trunk a gross injustice, which none deplore more deeply than its western connections. The arrangements made by the Grand Trunk with the Canadian Pacific is one which is considered entirely reasonable by its Chicago-St. Paul connections. It is one they expected it to make if any agreement with the Canadian Pacific was reached, and since it has been reached, the Congratulatory lines have been congratulating themselves that there is now some hope of them securing stable rates, which are of far more consequence to them than any business of which they may be deprived by the Grand Trunk-Canadian Pacific agreement.—Chicago Evening Post, Nov. 30, 1898.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by G. E. Wiley, Bethel, and W. H. Crockett, Locke's Mills.

A gentleman was surprised to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday-school library a grave treatise on "Back-sliding."

"My child," said he, "this is too old for you, you can't make anything for it." "I know it, papa," was the reply, "I thought I could when I took it; I thought it would teach me how to slide backward."

Educate Your Bowels With Chamberlain's Cathartic. Cures Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, etc. Sold by Druggists.

Grand Closing-Out Sale of WINTER GARMENTS....

Mens \$12.00 Overcoats,	@ \$9.00
" 10.00 "	@ 8.00
" 7.50 "	@ 6.00
" 5.00 "	@ 4.37
" 10.00 Ulsters,	@ 8.00
" 5.00 "	@ 4.37
Young Men's \$10.00 Overcoats,	@ 8.00
" " 8.50 "	@ 7.00
" " 6.50 "	@ 5.00
" " 3.50 "	@ 2.75

Great Reduction

on everything in the Clothing line. A few Ladies', Misses' and Children's

—JACKETS—

left, at prices to suit the Customer—prices no object.

We have too many SHAWLS, will close them out also, at prices to suit.

All we ask is for you to come in, and if you want any of the above goods, we can trade.

Yours respectfully,

L. B. Andrews,

(Successor to C. W. Bowker & Co.)

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

Only two minutes walk from G. T. R. depot.

WE HAVE OPENED OUR NEW LINE OF

THE BETHEL NEWS,

PUBLISHED WEDNESDAY BY
NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,

Cole Block, - Bethel, Maine.
E. C. BOWLER, - Editor.

Entered at the Bethel post office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4, 1899.

Our legislators are now in session at Augusta.

We are grateful to Commissioner S. W. Matthews for the twelfth annual report of the Bureau of Industrial and Labor Statistics for the State of Maine.

Congressman Dingley is critically ill at his apartments at the Hamilton House in Washington, D. C. His illness dates from last Wednesday, when he had an attack of grip which has developed into pneumonia.

The last tie is severed and Cuba is now free from Spanish rule. The island passed into the charge of the United States last Sunday at noon when, the stars and stripes were greeted with cheers and the booming of guns.

Of course it would be useless to think of having a New England winter without having the coldest day for a score of years. We have no recollections of such a winter in the past, neither is this one an exception, for we note the familiar headlines in Monday's dailies, "The Coldest Day for Years."

Last fall the News tried to urge upon the teachers the advisability of taking the state teachers' examination. Several saw the advantage to be derived and were present and took the examination; they had a long and in many respects, a hard day's work, but it was not all for naught. To-day, J. S. Hutchins, Miss Mattie Gibson and Miss Cora Farwell hold State certificates. They are not only henceforth excused from taking further examinations before local committees, but such certificates give them that precedence among the teachers of the State which can but prove of positive and calculable value to them.

Obituary.
Died in Redmond, Vernon Co., Wis., Dec. 13, Mrs. Abigail Drake Bean, aged 71 yrs. 4 mos. 19 days.
Mrs. Bean was the daughter of Chandler and Charlotte A. Dustin, and was born in Bethel, Aug. 24, 1827. On June 17, 1852, she was married to Dr. David Ames Bean and soon after moved to Wisconsin where they have since lived, the greater part of the time residing in Redmond. By New England economy and close attention to business, they had gathered a snug little fortune, owning much real estate and personal property in and around Redmond. Dr. Bean has retired from his medical practice, spending what time ill health will permit, to his financial affairs. For several years Mrs. Bean has been in poor health; she was a friend to the poor, and those needing help were sure to receive it from her kindly and generous hands.
She leaves, beside her aged husband, four sons: Clarence Orin Bean of Tacoma, Wash.; John Harry Bean of Retreat, Wis.; Theron Woodman Bean, Chicago, Ill.; and Fred Porter Bean, Retreat, Wis., also a brother, John S. Dustin of Retreat, Wis., and two sisters, Mrs. Zilpha Heywood of Millin, N. H., and Alline Wilson, Bethel Falls, N. H., besides relatives in Bethel, Me.
Peter S. Bean.

You Should Know
What Hood's Sarsaparilla has the power to do for those who have impure and impoverished blood. It makes the blood rich and pure, and cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, catarrh, rheumatism, nervousness. If you are troubled with any ailment caused or promoted by impure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.
HOOD'S PILLS are prompt and efficient, easy to take, easy to operate.

As in Her Youth

She is Kept in Good Health by Hood's Sarsaparilla

A Woman's Experience with This Great Medicine.
"I have had Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family for many years and have been kept in good health by its use. A few years ago I had a heart trouble and I was advised not to work too hard, as it was a critical period in my life. It was impossible as I was not able to hire my work done. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it kept me in good health all through this period. I was able to do my housework besides running a sewing machine, as I did in my younger days. Whenever I got to feeling tired and languid and could not sleep at night I got a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did me good. My son had erysipelas and was weak and without appetite. After taking Hood's he was well and able to work every day."
Mrs. ALICE HILL, Lyman, Maine.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy to take. 25 cents.

LOCAL NEWS.

Business is brisk on the Grand

Dr. F. N. Barker of Norway, was

Mr. Bickford of Berlin, N. H.,

Miss Grace Farwell a student at

Mr. A. G. Prentiss of Saco, was

the guest of Mrs. Alice Farwell,

Monday.

Mrs. Wilfred Bowler returned

from a visit to friends in Lincoln

county, Monday.

Ceylon Rowe took Eddie Bartlett

to Portland yesterday to have his

eyes treated by Dr. Spaulding.

Mr. Milton Penley has so far

recovered from his illness as to

resume his duties at his market.

Mr. Leslie Masco of Portland was

in town, Saturday. He made a trip

to Andover returning to Bethel,

Monday.

When you are nervous and sleep-

less, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It

makes the nerves strong and gives

refreshing sleep.

The Volunteer Hose company

presented Hilton Mystery to a

good sized audience at South Paris,

last Thursday evening.

The following are the officers of

the Y. P. S. C. for the ensuing six

months: Pres., Mrs. Arthur Varley;

Vice Pres., Miss Alice Chamberlain;

Sec., Miss Daisy Dixon;

Treas., Miss Anna Carlson.

The next lecture of the course

will be given Jan. 16, by Rev. R. T.

Hack of Portland. This lecture,

"The Kind of Men Demanded by

"Time" can but be of interest

to each and every one of our citi-

zens.

The annual meeting of the stock

holders of the Bethel Dairy com-

pany will be held at the lock-

up next Saturday at 2 o'clock for

the purpose of electing officers and

transacting any other business

that may arise.

Muriel, little daughter of Mr.

and Mrs. Ellery C. Park, who was

scalded last week by upsetting a

dish of hot milk on her neck and

chest, has been critically ill since

from the effects of the scald com-

combined with the gripple.

The Christian people of Bethel

and vicinity are urgently requested

to observe this week of prayer by

special prayer and consecration at

their homes and to join in the pub-

lic services. Monday and Tuesday

evening services were held at the

Congregational church; to-night

they are to be at the same church,

subject, The New Life Principle:

Its Test; Romans 8:9; Thursday

evening at the Universalist church,

subject, Results in the Individual:

Sonship and its Fruits. Romans

8:14; Friday evening, Universalist

church, subject, The Triumphs of

the New Life Principle through

Love; Romans 8:35-39. All are wel-

come to the services which begin

at 7:30.

TO CURE RHEUMATISM.

How to Diet to Lessen the Twinges

of the Painful Arteries.

Heavy frequent chills, chills

and much burning about the open

air are absolute essentials to a cure.

The prime cause of rheumatism is

indigestion, and, though you may eat

moderate meals, if your stomach does

not assimilate what is given it, you are

quite as poorly nourished as the man

who gets but a crust a day.

As to what you can and cannot eat

here is the rule. Of meats you may

eat yourself heavy, dark fish. Un-

der this head is itemized mutton, veni-

son, goose and anything that is out of

the pig. Devote yourself to chicken, lamb,

game, sweetbreads, brains and the more

Our Young Readers.

Uncle Aleck's Present.

"It was very inconsiderate of

Aleck," Mrs. Allison frowned.

"Hear his letter: 'They were

such a pretty family, I couldn't

separate them. Then I remember-

ed your five boys. It's just a fit.

The youngsters'll be delighted!

Now, Maggie, give your haru-

scarum brother credit for his

thoughtfulness! Thoughtfulness,

indeed! I wish the letter had

come before that mysterious ham-

per was opened, but now the chil-

dren have seen them."

Mr. Allison ughed. "It's a big

joke, considering Aleck's serious-

ness."

"You may laugh, but five boys

under your feet, and five pugs ad-

ded, are too much."

"Yet, my dear, you wouldn't do

without the boys."

"Oh, no," and the frown smooth-

ed away. "We'll see this evening."

"One for each of us. Hurrah!"

Five boys—the eldest eleven, the

youngest four, with a pair of twins

between them. The pugs were all twins.

Mr. Allison hadn't thought all

day for nothing.

"My dears," she said, "if we have

a great deal of one thing, and oth-

ers have nothing, what should we

do?"

"Give one away," they cried.

"Thank you; I knew you would

say so. Does Jimmy Lawrence or

Albert Dyer or Harrison Hastings

own a dog?"

"No-o, inamma."

"Well, mamma has been think-

ing. She knows her boys will en-

joy two pugs much better than

five. Five are too many; you'd

tire of them. Then you can make

three boys happy, who haven't any

dogs. I won't force you. You shall

vote on it, just as if you were men.

Here are five slips of paper and a

pencil. Talk it over. Whoever

decides to keep them all may put

a figure five on the paper; but he

who votes to give away three, may

put on the figure two. I'll come in

fifteen minutes."

Wise woman! She didn't allow

them time to have two minutes.

"Time's up! I'll count the votes."

Papa, you set as inspector."

And lo! on every paper was the

figure two!

Next morning there were eight

happy boys.—Selected.

A Pretty Good Bad Boy.

A good many years ago now, a

small, bare-legged boy set out from

his home in Portsmouth, New

Hampshire, for an afternoon's

sport with a gun. He rambled

along, as boys will, with his eyes

wide open for everything that came

under them, as well as for the

game that was the special object of

his expedition, and he had not

gone far when he saw a chaise ap-

proaching, driven by the governor

of the State.

The governor was a very popu-

lar and distinguished man, who

was being talked of for the presi-

dency, and we should not have

liked the small boy if he had not

been a little overawed by finding

himself alone in the presence of so

august a personage. He was equal

to the occasion, however, and as

the chaise reached him, he stood

aside to let it pass and gravely pre-

sented arms. The governor at

once pulled up his horse and look-

ed with amusement at the little

fellow standing there as serious as

a sentry, with his gun held rigidly

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

SAVED FOUR HUNDRED.

The Beautiful Story of the Sacrifice

of a Good Man.

It is a beautiful story told by Laf-

ayette in a book of the same name

which belongs to Japanese history. He

was Hamaguchi, and his farmhouse

stood on the verge of a small plateau

overlooking the bay. The plateau,

mostly devoted to rice culture, was

hemmed in on three sides by thickly

wooded summits, and from the center

verge the land sloped down to the sea.

Below were thickly wooded hills and

a temple; these composed the village.

One autumn evening Hamaguchi

was looking down from his balcony

on the preparations for some merry-

making in the hamlet below. All the

villagers were out, and he would have

gone with them had he not been feel-

ing less strong than usual.

Suddenly there came an earthquake

shock, not a very strong one, but Ham-

aguchi, who had felt many before this,

thought there was something odd in its

long, spongy motion. As the quaking

ceased, he changed to look toward the

sea, and there he saw a strange and

possible sight. It seemed to be running

away from the land.

Apparently the whole village had

noticed it, for the people stood still in

amazement, only Hamaguchi drew

any conclusions from the phenomenon

and guessed what the sea would do next.

He called his little grandson, a lad of

10, the only one of the family left with

him.

"Tada! Quick! Light me a torch!"

The child kindled a pine torch, and

the old man hurried with it to the

fields, where hundreds of rice stacks

stood ready for transportation. Out

he hurried, calling, "Why? Why? Why?

Hamaguchi did not answer. He

thought only of 400 lives in peril. He

watched for the people, and in a mo-

ment only the smoke swarming up from

the village like a mist.

And still the sea was fleeing toward

the horizon. The first party of succor

